HARVARD-'VARSITY BIGHT.

'VARSITY FOUR.

PRESHMAN BIGHT.

YALB- VARSITY EIGHT.

'VARSITY FOUR.

PRESHMEN EIGHT.

SUBSTITUTES.

BLAGDEN, TALE'S NEW CAPTAIN.

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As soon as the Yale men had undergone a brisk rubbing down they had a light lunch. They then elected for their captain next year Augustus S. Blagden of Washington, D. C. Blagden was a member of the freshman eight last year. This is his first season as a Varsity oarsman. He is now a senior in the Sheffield School. The Yale carsmen were taken aboard a special car at Gales Ferry and brought to New London at 5 o'clock, where they took an express train for home. Preparations had been made for a gigantic celebration in New Haven on their arrival. John Kennedy, the professional carsman, who has had charge of the rigging of the Yale boats and the general supervision of the Yale quarters, accompanied the carsmen. Alexander cameron, Jr., the Yale University stroke oar, said:

P. S. Goodwin Sub. 21 6.00 H. C. McClintock ... Sub. 18 6.01 L. S. Kirtland ... Sub. 19 5.11 H. S. Bristol ... Sub. 19 5.11 R. E. Bond ... Sub. 20 5.02

Average for eight...

Average for four.

E. B. Hoberts. Stro.
J. B. Ayer. 7
W. S. Whitwell 6
W. James, Jr. 5
D. D. L. McGrew 4
L. H. Switser 3
F. Foater 2
C. H. Hartwell Bow
B. L. Sitchfield Coza

Average for eight.

A. Cameron, Jr. Stroke 20
A. S. Blagden 7 21
F. W. Allen 6 22
J. P. Brock 5 20
W. P. Kunzig 4 20
J. A. Niedecken 3 22
H. P. Wicks 2 20
W. B. Williams Bow 21
G. P. Chittenden Coxs'n 20

Average for four

Average for eight ...

ference.

ut interference."

K. B. Schley, captain of Yale's freshman ght, was not disheartened, notwithstanding is crew had lest to Harvard. "The Cambridge rew simply outrowed us; that is the whole tory. We were too light for rough water and had a very telling effect on us this noon," he stid.

George St. John Sheffield, one of Yale's vet-eran rooters, who had been spending several days with the oar-men at Broedview, said: "The Yale men had considerable reserve now when they finished, but it was a grand race while it lasted. The struggle was a triumph for Coach Gallaudet and Capt, Allen, both showing that they are capable instructors."

SHEAPE TO CAPTAIN HARVARD.

Betting on Stock Exchange Was Even Money

In general the betting on the Yale-Harvard Varsity race in Wall Street yesterday was at 5

o 4 in Yale's favor. Most of the betting on the

Stock Exchange, however, was at even money.

The Harvard men on the Exchange were very

enthusiastic over the first two races and pre-dicted that it would be three straight. P. T. Erown and Philio Curtis were strong supporters of Harvard, and it was estimated that each had up \$400 to \$500 on the result of the 'Varsity. Mr. Scheftel, of Bache & Co., was an enthusiastic supporter of Yale.

Lower Prices on Yellow Pine Lumber.

NORFOLK, Va., June 28 .- The North Carolina

Pine Association met here to-day, reduced

prices materially on low-grade lumber and

woted to continue curtailing production. No member would say how great the reduction in price is. The association and nearly all the mills outside, which jointly control the output of yellow pine, have been for menths under agreement to curtail production and maintain prices. The agreement to curtail production was extended to Aug. 1. The price reduction goes into effect immediately.

Run Down by a Cable Car: Skull Fractured.

Abraham Mayer, 60 years old, of 60 West

Ninety-third street, an optician with offices at

Fourteenth street and Broadway, was struck

rourteenth street and Broadway, was struck by a cable car last night while crossing Colum-bus avenue at Ninety-third street and was picked up unconscious. At Roosevelt Hospital it was said that his skull was fractured in addi-tion to his having several bad scalp wounds. He may die. The gripman was arrested.

Fire in Taylor's Opera House.

department Taylor's Opera House, the scene of all of the big New Jersey political gatherings of a quarter of a century, had a narrow escape from destruction to-night. Seven sections of the hose burst, and but for the use of the chemical apparatus the theatre would have been burned. Other parts of the building were damaged.

TRENTON, N. J., June 28.-Because of the bad condition of the hose in use by the Trenton fire

voted to continue curtailing production. No

on the Boat Race.

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women. The crimson of Harvard and the bine of old Yale fluttered in the breeze, while the college yells wafted back and forth filled the oarsmen with renewed confidence.

The Harvard four, two of the men wearing white English rowing caps, soon pulled across the river from the boathouse to the start. They were big, brawny men, and their coxswain eased them up now and then as they swept their sharpprowed shell through the dancing waves. Far up the river the Yale four with bared backs and glistening oars came hurrying down the line. The men were rowing in pretty form, and so the Yale crowd on the train, more than half a mile away, broke into the antiquated "frog chorus." The wind was blowing up stream with ever-increasing visor, and the white caps began to appear here and there, which worried the rowing sharps and made them look for an almost sure postponement. But the promptness with which the four-oared crews reached the starting dories made a postponement out of the question, and the referce soon decided to send them away. While the men were getting ready the freshmen crews got into the launches, and the shells were towed down to the navy yard where the youngsters were to begin their race at the conclusion of the four-oared event. It looked then as if it would be impossible to row the 'Varsity race until about sunset, and there was much disappointment expressed by those who were hoping to get home early.

At 11:40 o'clock as the fours were waiting for the signal to get under way the referce steamed up and issued instructions as to how he would start the shells. It was noticed that the boats were not supplied with washboards, which was expected to work as a disadvantage in view of he choppy water farther down stream. Yale ad the position next to the western bank of the iver in comparatively smooth water, while darvard had the outside, or eastern place. As soon as the referee finished his little lecture he yelled through his megaphone:

"Are you ready, Harvard?"

"Yes,' was the prompt reply.

"Are you ready, Harv

HARVARD OFF WITH THE LEAD.

"Yes, all ready!"

HARVARD OFF WITH THE LEAD.

Then raising a shining revolver, the referee ed a shot that not only echoed back and forth, also put both crews in action and got the grvation train under way. With a jump he oars that almost made their shell leap of the water the Cambridge men took an imiate lead. With a quick, powerful stroke seemed to make the spoon oars bend double, rimson oarsmen soon got an advantage that the Yale men on train and affoat look st. The Harvard crew began with the sthest kind of watermanship, considering condition of the river, whereas Yale Growed ruggedly as if the men were slightly led. Yale's stroke was long, deliberate and w. Harvard's was snappy and fast, the nat the same time handling the oars with ch deaterity that there was no splashing ospeak of and from the catch to the end of each sweep there was a world of power. Harvard started off with 36 strokes to the minute and Yale pulled 34. When 100 yards had been covered Harvard was leading by a good half length. Both were rowing with remarkable smoothness, but still Yale's stroke was slower and at times it seemed to be lethargic.

Harvard's form improved after a quarter of a mile had been covered and at this point it looked to the experts to be a hopeless task for Yale. The Blue oarsmen were plucky, but in style, however, and general behavior they were overmatched. As Harvard's lead was increased to a length at the first half mile, the cheers from the observation train rang out in one long roll that filled the boys in the Crimson shell with superhuman strength. They pulled away at the oars as if they had an empire at stake and with every stroke they further demonstrated that they were masters of the situation. The Yale crew was rowing slower than ever at this point, the stroke having dropped to thirty. Harvard's time at the half was 3:09, while Yale's was 3:13, indicating a good open length between the boats.

SWELLS FROM A REVENUE CUTTER ENCOUNTERD As they bowled along it was suddenly noticed that the revenue cutter Dallas was fussing about a half a mile down the river and that quite a wash was waiting for the crews. The more thaid thought that there might be a capsize, but they received assurance that nothing would happen if the two cosswains knew how to meet the waves. In less time than it takes to relate the facts, the Harvard shell encountered the first swell. The nose of the craft cut through it like a knife and a few sturdy strokes took the boat through without more than a through it like a knife and a few sturdy strokes took the boat through without more than a pailful of water being shipped. Yale's four did not have to meet such a great disturbance, for the coxswain steered wide and got around the swell. In the meantime Harvard's lead was slowing increasing and at the mile it was a length and half. Harvard's time was 6.30, and Yale's 6.37. Harvard's stroke was two points higher at all stages, but not long after that Yale began to row in a much improved form and with more discernible power. The Blue shell was slightly handicapped, though, by poor steering. The water was rougher and the wind had freshened into quite allittle gale.

and the wind had freshened into quite alittle gale.

Nearing the mile and a half flag Yale began to brace up, but the spurt was only temporary, for Harvard, with the same powerful, snappy stroke that had carried the shell to the front from the start continued to keep a safe lead, which, barring accidents, would be maintained to the end. The crews had neared the eastern bank of the river now and the people on the observation train could look down into the two boats. Harvard men were taking the victory of their four-oared crew with considerable stoicism, for there was not a wild outpurs of noise from Crimson throats. On the erable stoicism, for there was not a wild out-burst of noise from Crimson throats. On the other hand, Yale's supporters were constantly cheering and urging their representatives to keep at their task to the dying point.

HARVARD WINS BY THREE LENGTHS

HARVARD WINS BY THREE LENGTHS.

Harvard, rowing 33 to the minute, finished the mile and a half in 10:03, Yale passing the flags in 10:18, a little more than two lengths to the bad. The form of the Crimson crew was excellent when it is taken into consideration that there was a choppy sea on and the wind was stronger every minute. Yale was not getting any great amount of speedin her boat, though the four hit up the stroke and pulled it through as hard as they knew how. The Harvard coxswain beganto steer a bit wildly, and he soon had his boat over in Yale's water, but with a twist of the tiller ropes he swerved back again where he belonged. From this point to the finish Harvard's power was greater than before. The stroke was still snappy and the shell fairly leaped over the water. Yale had no chance to catch up and the men in the New Haven boat made matters less encouraging by showing signs of distress. Harvard then drew away and with beautiful execution crossed the finish line off the navy yard a winner by three lengths. What few steam vessels were anchored there set up a tooting with their whistles, while the crowd on the train made plenty of noise. The Yale oarsmen were pretty well tired out, for the moment they ceased rowing the coxswain began splashing water on them. The Harvard crew, on the other hand, was in no distress. The Cambridge men rowed after the referee's boat and asked what the official time was. They were informed that they had covered the two miles in 13:22, while Yale's time was 13:35 2-5.

"That was slow!" exclaimed the Harvard coxswain as he started after the launch John Howard with the idea of being towed back to quarters. As the four moved off slowly the coxswain suddenly called out:

"Let'er run! fellows, give a cheer for the Yale four!"

The #We Harvard men promptly gave the nice ustomay "Tabs" and complimented Vale by

"Let 'er run! fellows, give a cheer for the Yale four!"
The five Harvard men promptly gave the nine customary "rahs" and complimented Yale by substituting the name of that university instead of their own. Then the Yale four became responsive and there was a quick, sincere cheer for old Harvard. These little courtesies over with, the fours rested on their oars to see the freshmen crews start on their journey from the navy yard down to the bridge where the big fleet of yachts and steamers were waiting to see some sport.

FRESHMEN ROW TO STARTING LINE.

Harvard's first victory of the day had served to work up the Boston crowd and there was something like old-time enthusiasm when the freshmen appeared rowing out to the starting dories with bursts of speed that showed finish and expertness. Probably no freshmen in recent years have turned out two such muscular eight's as those that came bowling along through the miniature white caps and soon to be within gunshet of the busy referee. The crews averaged 170 pounds, which is unusually heavy, and as they rested on their oars old timers said they were big and strong enough to pull a terrific race from start to finish. Vale Table a favorite with the sharps. Even Dave Goodrich, former captain of the Harvard Varsity who prepared the Cambridge youngsters, told his friends that so far as form and watermanship were concerned, Harvard's freshmen would not cut much of a figure.

"But," he said, "they can pull an oar with enough power to make a boat travel and for that reason they may treat Yale to a surprise."

Both coxswains had megaphones strapped to their mouths. Yale came to the start stripped to their mouths. Yale came to the start stripped to the ourse right of the pull and the western position this time, but there was no advantage, as the shells were soon to take a course right down the middle of the stream. The boats were turned around by the wind and waves of warning to be received.

CRIMSON TAKES THE LEAD AT ONCE. FRESHMEN ROW TO STARTING LINE.

CRIMSON TAKES THE LEAD AT ONCE.

At 12:16 o'clock, however, they were sent away and the observation train began puffing along with its load of cheerers who hoped to see a decisive race instead of a possible fluke. As in the previous encounter, Harvard, with a quick, snappy stroke that had tremendous power behind it, shot to the front. The Campridge shell fairly romped away from the Yale boat in the first dozen strokes and the wise-acres were more than dazed. They shaded their eyes with their hands and said:

"Can it be possible? To think that a Harvard freshman eight, supposed to be built of inferior material, has secured the drop on one of the best lot of youngsters Yale has ever had! How did it happen?"

But there was no time to talk it over now, for the crews were off and the race, or rather procession, was growing more one-sided every moment. Harvard started out with thirty-CRIMSON TAKES THE LEAD AT ONCE.

six strokes to the minute and Yale with thirtyelght. Both were splashing badly in the choppy
water and the spray flew high in the air. It
looked then as if there might be a swamping
match instead of a boat race before the end
was reached, and for that reason thousands
of eyes were glued to the fragile racing machines as they sped on. Harvard had the
surprising advantage of nearly a length and a
half at the first half mile, the time being 2:10
and 2:16 respectively. The Crimson freshmen were rowing the same stroke that had
piloted the four to victory. It was a strong
effort with a neat handling of the oars, which
helped to get all the force possible into the
blades. As Goodrich said, the watermanship
was not such a pretty picture, but the stroke
got there and that was the real thing called
for. Yale's form was far more skilful, from
any point of view, but the speed in the boat
was lacking. The shell seemed to hang between strokes, the men rushing their slides
to such an extent that at times they were almost knocked off the rolls. Nearing the mile,
one-half of the journey, Harvard's advantage had been increased to four lengths and
the race was then all over. At the mile, to be
exact, Harvard's time was 6:3s, while Yale
crossed the mark in 5:53.

It was an walkover, unless, of course, an accident occurred, and Harvard men on the train,
on the yachts, on the steamboats and even on
land were screaming out peans of exceeding
joy. It was an unexpected triumph and there
were many who hoped that it meant a clean
sweep for the day. Yale men were bluer than
indigo. They could not understand it and
they did not try to x plain it. They just looked
at their crew struggling along in the rear of the
flying freshmen from Cambridge and groaned
inwardly. Perhaps some of them thought of
Bob Cook and the stroke that used to make
Harvard the laughing stock of the rowing
world. Perhaps some of them wished that
Cook had never left New Haven, for this defeat
was a rout so humiliating to the Bue that it
could not be digest

urging them with all the power of his sings.

HARVARD PINISHES FIVE LENGTHS AHEAD.

Striking a patch of smooth water at the beginning of the lane between the rows of anchored craft, the Harvard crew spuried. That was the signal for the usual firing of cannon and the shricking of men, for it was a Harvard victory sure enough, impressive and unexpected in the extreme. At one mile and a half Yale braced again. The stroke was made more vigorous and the advantage of the Crimsons was reduced to four lengths and a half. Harvard's watermanship was still ragged, but what did that matter so long as Cambridge was shead? Harvard's time for this distance was 5.0, Yale being seventeen seconds later.

From this stage to the end it was one long beoming ovation for Harvard. The youngsters put increased strength into their stroke and their shell romped along at a great rate. The observation train had steamed onto the bridge and stopped. From it came salvos of applause and cheer after cheer. The crimson flags were everywhere, while the colors of Yale dropped despondently. Harvard bounded along to the finish with no signs of distress. The water was like glass in that vieinity and the Crimson concluded their efforts in a blaze of glory. Five open lengths behind came Yale, still rowing in good form, but with the necessary speed still lacking. It was a triumph to be proud of and of course the winners were heroes. Harvard's time was 12:01 as against 12:19 2-5 for the New Haven eight. When the crews stopped rowing their launches picked them up and were soon hurrying up the river to quarters, where the crack Varsities were waiting for their turn to measure blades.

'Varsitry kents of the first was the colors of the river to quarters, where the crack Varsities were waiting for their turn to measure blades. HARVARD PINISHES FIVE LENGTHS AHEAD.

The two-mile-and-a-half mark was reached by Yale in 12-28, with Harvard clinging on in the control of the stroke one was a difference of a short length by the in 12-28, with Harvard clinging on in the control of the country of the VARSITY EIGHTS GET READY

soon as possible. I wish you would get ready at once?

"Hurrah!" was the only response from the Yale men, who came tumbling down to their boathouse pell-mell. They seemed to be overloyed at the prospect of squaring the defeats of the two other crews, and in less than five minutes they had launched their shell and were climbing into it. With a graceful stroke the crew was soon flying over the smooth surface of the river down to the starting line. The onservation trains had arrived ahead of the crews and there was plenty of excitement. The train on the Central Vermont road was so close to the shells that a stone could have been thrown into either of them. The New Haven train was a half a mile away and yet the cheers from it vied with those which came from the Vermonters. The conditions for the race were so perfect that fast time was predicted by the veterans.

It was 1:40 o'clock when the crews baked their shells up to the dories. The tide was a strong ebb and there was no wind, as could be seen by the columns of black smoke that hung lazily over the stacks of the big locomotives. Yale had the western position and Harvard the eastern. Ten minutes later the referee, in clarion tones, shouted:

"Are you read?"

The crowd was so quiet that the affirmative replies of the two captains were plainly audible.

An Exciting Start.

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AN EXCITING START.

Bang! It was the starting gun, and with it the crews jumped away from the men who had been holding the sterns in place. In an instant, the crowd broke loose, the locomotives whistled and began to puff, the two launches, the referee's boat and the steam yacht Aquillo got under way, and then the race was on in earnest. Oars were dipped like razors in the sea, and the shark-like shells cleared the way at a rapid rate. Once again Harvard got an advantage with the first few strokes, and as the nose of the Cambridge boat was poked to the front there was frenzy galore afloat and ashore. Harvard started with 36 strokes to the minute, and Yale began with 37. For fifteen seconds it looked as if Harvard would secure a commanding lead, as she had done in the other races, but after that the sturdy Yale men swung their bodies with the oars and their boat crept up until they were on even terms. Harding had set a beautiful stroke for Harvard and the men behind him had fallen into it with a will. The Crimsons were using the same style that had worked so well for the freshmen and the four, and Yale knew that there was a tremendous task ahead. But in that Blue boat were fellows who did not know what it means to quit. They were there to row to the death if necessary, and as soon as they got back on even terms with Harvard the real struggle began. Bow and bow the crews raced for the first quarter of a mile. Both were rowing strongly, yet there was not a splash, and each boat whirled along without the semblance of a hang between strokes. It was superb watermanship and the speed that was developed meant a smashing of records, perhaps. Soon, however, No. 6 in the Harvard shell seemed to be having some trouble. He could be eastly distinguished because he was the only man in the boat who were a cap. He was out of time once and was seen to put one hand down in the bottom of the shell. His side was out of order, but after a short spell he righted it and got back into t AN EXCITING START.

was driving the shell along on even terms with Yale.

HARVARD's BEEF BEGINS TO TELL.

Harvard's beef began to tell early in the game, for at the first half mile the Cambridge shell led by a quarter of a length. Harvard's self-led by a quarter of a length. Harvard's self-led by a quarter of a length. Harvard's self-led lime for that distance was 2:32 and Yale's collectant. Harvard's searching follower of the Blue. Both crewswere rowing superbly at thirty-two strokes to the minute.

"It's a long race," the knowing ones said, "and Yale holds a safe place now."

In a few moments Yale began to overhaul the Massachusetts collectans. A dozen great heaves brought the Blue shell up to even terms and there was a savage yell of approval from the moving grandstands.

"Yale! Yale! Ale is a strong day of sand was most remarkable. Howard thas urged many a New Haven champion on; but it was no louder than the steady yell of "Harvard" that burst from thousands of lips and kept the men in 'he Crimson boat on edge. Harvard was pulling a 33 stroke and Yale as they neared the mile. The shells were abreast and a wire could have been passed through the prows, so evenly did they glied along Watches heid by the official time-keepers snowed that the crews passedthe mile. Stroke Harding had exceeded the fondest hopes, and there were words of praise for the shell and made him comfortable in the later was a fixed that the race was the men to every hand, particularly among the Yale men. Walter Camp said that Harvard she have held been extended. Harvard was pulling a 33 stroke and Yale as they neared the mile. The shells were abreast and a wire could have been passed through the prows, so evenly did they glied along Watches heid by the official time-keepers snowed that the crews passedthe mile. Stroke Harding had exceeded the fondest hopes, and there were words of praise for the bould go down in college history as one of the landmarks, even though he was

that they had a tougher job on their hands than anybody had predicted.

The crowd lost no time in getting out of town, and to-night the streets are deserted for another year at least. The statistics of the crews follow:

Stroke for stroke the crews hurried along to the mile-and-a-half mark. Then for the first time the slickness of the Yale eight was apparent. With a magnificant swing and clean-cut blade work the New Haven oarsmen shoved their shell to the front. It was not a sudden move, but came gradually. Harvard men saw the change in the situation and looked glum. Yale supporters saw it and began to dance for joy. When the Blues shot past the flag in 7:54, the Crimsons were nearly a length behind in 7:57. This was the beginning of the real strain that proved too much for Harvard. Yale's speed was even increasing now and Harvard was forced to show more power and speed in the stroke in order to keep the Blues' lead down to a minimum.

Yale's boat was travelling as if propelled by a screw. There was not the slightest jarring. The men caught the water in machine-like unison, pulled their oars through to the proper limit, and then recovered with a movement that made the eyes of old rowing men dance. It was a crew that had been developed to beat the big, muscular fellows from Cambridge, who rowed away so easily from the Blue last year. It was a crew that had listened to the instructions of Coach Gallaudet and was now obeying them to the letter. And better still, it was a crew composed of gamy, desperate men who were prepared to row Harvard to a standstill.

It was almost the same state of affairs with the Harvard eight, except that the men were YALE TAKES THE LEAD.

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It was almost the same state of affairs with the Harvard eight, except that the men were without their captain and were being piloted by a green stroke oar, who was game to the core, even if he was not so experienced in the place as the man he necessarily succeeded. Harvard had the grit and that was shown immediately. A spurt by Harding made his comrades work like Trojans. The Harvard shell had increased speed put into it, but Yale held the lead safe for the present. It was such a gruelling struggle and the air was so oppressively hot that there were some few signs of distress as they approached the two-mile mark. The Yale stroke oar wabbled a bit and the coxswain threw several handsful of water in his face.

"Yale is being beaten down by sheer bull strength!" was the universal cry. But the next instant the Yale stroke was himself again and the shell was bowling along as merrily as ever. The incident, however, served to make the New Haven crowd dreadfully nervous, for they did not know when to expect another collapse. Harvard men all this time were watching Harding with critical eyes. He had shown remarkable ability under the most trying circumstances and had not yet displayed a tendency to weaken. As the two-mile flag was passed Yale had less than a length the better of it in 10:31. Harrvard was two seconds behind and the men were rowing a flerce stroke in their effort to catch up. It was stroke for stroke again at 32, and Harvard was hanging on like a buildog.

BOTH CREWS SHOW A KILLING PACE.

A finer and more exciting race had not been

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BOTH CREWS SHOW A KILLING PACE.

A finer and more exciting race had not been seen upon the Thames in years, and the crowd, hoarse from constant cheering, was now looking on in wonderment. It was a battle to a finish, anybody could see that, and the question was which crew would give in first. So fast and killing was the pace that it is a wonder that some of the men did not drop over on their faces. The sun was beating down with burning flerceness upon the heads of the oarsmen and the heat was suffocating. Still the crews rowed on, mindful of only one thing—victory and its attendant glories. Past the navy yard they swept. To those on shore, and there were thousands, it was impossible to tell which crew was ahead. The closeness of the race was enough to make anybody yell and the excitement along the river bank was soon as great as that upon the trains.

The two-mile-and-a-half mark was reached by yale in 12:28, with Harvard clinging on in 12:31. There was a difference of a short length between the shells and Cambridge was still fighting to get up. Harding, nothing daunted, hit up the stroke once more. It was a heartbreaking effort, but it was productive of temporary results that made the Yale men shiver and caused them to feel that victory was anything but a certainty. Yale responded to the spurt. Inch by inch the prow of the Crimson shell came up, in spite of all the New Haven men could do. Soon Yale had a bare quarter of a length advantage and Harvard was still gain. It was a race for life and Harding was putting up the fight that was going to end in disaster for himself and companions. Two hundred yards above the three-mile mark the Harvard shell was lifted fairly out of the water by the tremendous strength of the crew. It shot through the water and was no even terms with the Yale craft, while the Crimson supporters were losing their sense.

CRIMSONS AHEAD AT THREE MILES.

had three-quarters of a length as the three-mile lag was reached and had rowed it in 15:30. Yale was rowing a 34 stroke in beautiful style and passed the mark in 15:32.

Harding was still determined to draw away and with one more brace the Harvard boat had a length to the good. It looked as if Yale would be beaten after all, for this wonderful pace was beginning to tell on the Blues, several of whom were rowing a bit unsteadily.

COLLAPSE OF STROKE HARDING.

of whom were rowing a bit unsteadily.

COLLAPSE OF STROKE HARDING.

But suddenly there was an incident that caused a panic in Harvard's ranks. Harding was seen to swing his oar high above the water and then fall back, the blade sweeping around and almost striking the coxswain in the head. It was an indication of approaching collapse, but with superhuman strength he pulled himself together and got back into the old stroke. There was no power in his oar, however, That could be seen from the deck of the Aquillo, which brought up the rear of the accompanying flotilla. Half a dozen more strokes and Harding caught a crab. He fell over as if unconscious, the coxswain showering him with water. The other men in the boat saw the collapse of their game stroke our, but they were not beaten yet. They hit up the pace and kept their lead for the next one hundred yards, though Harding's oar was trailing in the water and he was bent up double.

With pure nerve, even though he was helpless in body and mind for the time being, Harding suddenly straightened up. He put his left hand around behind him and held his sliding seat, so that he would not interfere with No. 7, who was stroking the others with wonderful pluck. Harding also tried to unship his oar, but he did not have strength to do it. He lurched back and forth in his seat and came within an ace of falling overboard. The coxswain nabbed him by the arm and held him, while the remainder of the crew rowed on Harding's oar was still dragging and the water was splashing over the rail. On all sides the great crowd looked on in sympathy and prayed that no harm might befall the game fellow who had literally rowed himself into a state of insensibility. For Harding knew nothing of his surroundings then and was in imminent danger of falling out of the boat or upsetting the whole crew. Once he revived because of the water that was thrown in his face and actually tried to row. His attempt threw the rest of the crew out of kilter and everybody began to splash. It was all over then, for Y

YALE FINISHES IN AN EASY MANNER.

Fearing that there might be a fatal ending to the race if Harding was not looked after, Coach Storrow ran th Harvard launch close to the crew and followed a few yards away so that he might be within reach in case of an emergency. The cannon were booming all along the line, the blue flars were waving as far as the eye could see and the crowds, barring the Harvard followers, were cheering in one great volcanic eruption. But Harding could neither see nor hear, while his companions were in tears. Yale went down to the line in beautiful style. There was no need to overexert themselves, and when they crossed in 21:12 4-5, they had almost nine lengths to spare. Yale's time was 21:37 2-5. There was a rush down the hillside to the piers at the bridge to see the Harvard crew and Harding. The latter was still bent up double, his head resting in the coxswain's lap. Coach Storrow and others lifted him out of the shell and made him comfortable in the launch. The crowd broke into cheers for the winners and also for the losers, and there were were taken back to their quarters. YALE FINISHES IN AN EASY MANNER.

ICE, 30, 40 OR 50 CENTS. RETAILERS ARE TAKING WHATEVER THEY CAN GET.

Wholesale Price Is 84 a Ton-Hearing Before

Referee Nussbaum Put Off to July 5—District Attorney Gardiner Calls on Einstein & Townsend for All Their Evidence. Because of a stipulation in Justice Chester's lecision dismissing the writs that prevented further hearings before Referee Nussbaum in the American Ice Company case, hearings will not be resumed until July 5. Upon the authority of Clarence J. Shearn of Einstein & Townsend counsel for W. R. Hearst, the statement is made that every wholesale dealer in ice in Manhattan and The Bronx is now selling ice at the bridge at \$4 instead of \$3 a ton. That the American Ice Company and the independent dealers are selling at the same wholesale rate is owing, Mr. Shearn says, to a verbal agreement between the independent dealers and the trust, which went into effect week ago last Monday. Mr. Shearn said that a representative of the American Ice Company called upon each of the six or eight independent dealers in Manhattan and Brooklyn about two weeks ago and told the independents that on and after Monday, July 18, the trust intended to put up the price of ice to \$4 and that anybody n the wholesale ice business who didn't follow suit would regret it. or words to that effect. The independents discussed the matter among themselves and concluded that they wouldn't undersell the trust in the wholesale business anyway. Accordingly they entered into a verbal agreement, which went into effect a week ago last Monday, to sell at wholesale at the same price as the trust. In Manhattan and The Bronx that price is \$4 a ton and in Brooklyn, \$3. As to the retail price, everybody appears to be retailing ice at whatever he can get. The

prevailing rate is 40 cents a hundred, but ice is peing sold as low as 30 cents and as high as 50 cents. A lawyer who lives in Harlem told a Sun reporter yesterday that, judging from his experience, a person could buy ice from the independent dealer or the trust for about what he was willing to pay.

"Why," said this man, "you can not only get ice at almost any old price, but, so far as the trust is concerned, you don't have to pay at all if you don't want to. Just to see what would happen I have told my wife for the three onths just to file the American Ice Company's bills away, pay no attention to them and see what would happen. The only thing that's happened so far is that we get ice right along and pay nothing. No collector ever comes around.

It is reported in the upper part of town that the price one has to pay for ice depends entirely upon the amount of kicking the purchaser is willing to do. If he objects to paying 40 cents hundred he can buy for 30 cents. But, on the other hand, if he doesn't find any fault the price will be 50 cents. District Attorney Gardiner sent a letter yes-

terday to Einstein & Townsend, the lawyers who conducted the criminal proceedings against the American Ice Company, in which he set the American Ice Company, in which he set forth the position taken in the matter by the District Attorney's office. He said that he had delayed presenting the case to the Grand Jury at the suggestion of the Attorney-General, who at the time had under consideration the drawing of an extraordinary Grand Jury to investigate the matter. The letter goes on:

"The Grand Jury met on Monday last. They had put aside all other business for this case. The people could only present those witnesses whose names and several addresses were found indorsed upon the complaint in usual course. Your client, Mr. Waiter Howard, the complainant, went before the Grand Jury and was afters, accompanied the oarsmen. Alexander Cameron, Jr., the Yale University stroke oar, said:

"I tried my best to keep the crew rowing strictly the long stroke, keeping the pace low. After we went two miles without open water showing between the shells I felt that we could puil out ahead. Harding's exhibition was certainly a plucky one.

George P. Chittenden, coxswain of the Yale Varsity, said: "The race was rowed at so stiff a pace that I was frightened. I was afraid that neither crew could keepit up. Both boats kept their lines perfectly."

Capt. F. W. Allen of the Yale Varsity had very little to say about the contest. 'The race was a severe test and showed that both crews had considerable speed in them. The Yale men were all in tip-top condition and could have rowed a longer distance if the occasion required."

Edson F. Gallaudet, the head coach for Yale, ruid: "The race was hotly contested and Harvard showed that she had splendid oarsmen in her boat. Yale had considerable reserve power and all the crew were in fair condition when the four miles had been rowed."

Capt. H. S. Hooker, stroke of the Yale 'Varsity four, condemned the action of the revenue cutter which kicked up a swell and interfered with his crew. I do not claim that Harvard would not have been a winner, but the revenue cutter's waves were a great hindrance to our boat and we would have made a great deal better showing had we rowed the course without interference.

K. B. Schley, captain of Yale's freshman indorsed upon the complaint in usual course. Your client, Mr. Waiter Howard, the complainant, went before the Grand Jury and was afforded on direct inquiry the fullest opportunity to give the names and directions of any other material witnesses; and the Grand Jury were thoroughly apprised as to this case in its every aspect, and of the several proceedings taken by you. Having waited until you ascertained that the Grand Jury had failed to find an indictment, you addressed me a communication, dated June 25, 1900, and gave it to the press, and the next morning, June 26, 1900, you sent it to this office by special messenger, in which communication you complained that this office had never consulted you not made any efforts to consult you in relation to the evidence necessary to be produced before the Grand Jury, and that in the time given it was impossible to properly put the case before the Grand Jury, as your witnesses—between thirty and forty, are widely scattered, many of them residing without the State. Therefore you concluded to let this office 'assume the responsibility of the haste and inade quate presentation to the Grand Jury of a case involving such grave public interests.' sume the responsibility of the haste and inadequate presentation to the Grand Jury of a case
involving such grave public interests.'

To other words, it appears to have been your
intention to unload upon this office the responsibility for your own failure and neglect in
the premises. You had had thirty days from
the time in which Magistrate Zeller had held
the defendants to answer in ball to come here
in ordinary course and consult with the District
Attorney, if you had anything further to put
before him on the subject and to furnish him
with the names and addresses of any additional
witnesses in your possession. You know perfectly well that that is the ordinary and reglar course taken by all attorneys, and Mr.
Shearn of your firm was so notified by me personally when he called here. As you did not
follow this course the inference was irresistible that you had the names of no further
witnesses to give to this office for prescription
to the Grand Jury, and that you had fully presented your case to Magistrate Zeller.

"From your communication it is evident
that you do not consider that there was sufficient evidence before the Grand Jury to warrant an indictment. It was your duty to have
put before the Maristrate sufficient evidence
to warrant the subsequent finding of an indictment. If, as you say, you have it, I cannot
understand your neglect to give to this office
the desired information, after repeated and
reiterated requests.

"I do not propose that you shall, through the
medium of the press and in order to advertise
yourselves, place either this office or the twentythree gentlemen who constitute the June Grand
Jury in a false light, You say you have 'collected a mass of evidence warranting the indictment and conviction of these defendants',
which you will be glad to lay before this office.
I now call upon you to do so without any further delay, and I will submit the same to the
proper Court for its consideration on an application for an order for resubmission to the
next Grand J

that they are capable instructors.

SHEAPE TO CAPTAIN HARVARD.

After the Harvard 'Varsity orew returned to Red Top the captain was elected as usual for the ensuing year. C. W. Sheafe, whom Capt. Higginson appointed in his stead, was selected. Sheafe is very popular with the carsmen and will undoubtedly prove himself worthy of the honor conferred upon him. The porch at Red Top reminded one of the exterior of a hospital on a pleasant day. Capt. Higginson was seated in a chair chatting with a half dozen friends from Cambridge.

"The race was one of the finest I ever saw," he exclaimed. "Yale's crew was fast, but our 'Varsity eight had covered the half mile in 220 and the mile in 4:46 when the conditions were but slightly favorable, and I felt confident that the eight would make a good showing." Capt. Higginson was asked by a SUN reporter whether he or Harding was stroke when the fast speed trials were made. He hesitated a moment and replied, with a smile: "When Harding rowed."

A few feet away from Capt. Higginson lay Harding, flat on his back on a mattress and a light spread over him. Dr. Darling was in constant attendance and the young carsman who had stroked his crew for more than three miles with victory close at hand was slowly showing signs of recovery and at 5 o'clock was able to raise himself to a sitting position. The yacht Montclair, owned by Harding's father, was anchored off Harvard's quarters and it was the intention of Dr. Darling to have the exhausted youngster taken aboard the steamer when he was in condition to be removed.

Shortly after 5 o'clock inquiries poured into Red Top asking if the report was true that Harding had died, and Dr. Darling had to issue a stereotyped order stating that the patient was progressing favorably and would soon be himself again. Dr. Darling said that Harding was unconscious from the third mile in the race. According to the stroke's story, he remembered nothing.

"ASA BIRD GARDINER. District Attorney.



Of 1533 Orange Street, Los Angeles, Cal., writes: "I had been afflicted with my eyes for over a year with such a dreadful itching and inflammation that I could not use them for anything. Physicians had given me many different remedies which were like using so much water; they measured my eyes for glasses, which I got and wore for some time, but they did not benefit me in the least. My mother desired me to write to Dr. R. V. Pierce and explain the condition of my eyes. I did so, and after following your advice, and using eight bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and eight of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' can say my trouble is entirely cured. I would advise any one so afflicted to try these wonderful medicines. My health was never so good as it is now, and I shall never tire of praising Dr. Pierce's medicines."
Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter and secure a specialist's

advice free of charge. WRITE TO DR.R.V.PIERCE BUFFALO, N.Y. ALL CORRESPONDENCE PRIVATE. VACATION SCHOOLS TO OPEN SOON. Monday, July 9, Is the Date-Kindergarten

on Recreation Piers. At a special meeting of the School Board for Manhattan and The Bronx last night it was decided to open the vacation schools and playgrounds on Monday, July 9, and keep them open for six weeks. The vacation schools will be open for five days each week and the playgrounds will be thrown open for the children on six days of each week. The schools will be open for registration on Thursday, July 5, and Friday,

registration on Thursday, July 5, and Friday, July 6.

The following public schools will be used as vacation schools and playgrounds: Nos. 1, 2, 20, 42, 92, 98, 107, 137, 147 and 160. These public schools will be open as playgrounds: Nos. 16, 30, 32, 33, 43, 49, 51, 80, 82, 86, 105, 113, 120, 121, 131, 135, 141, 151, 158 and 159. At the recreation piers, as far as is possible, swimming and kindergarten work will be taught. To the \$15,00 already voted for the expense of running the vacation schools and playgrounds, \$17,000 was added last night.

A list of about four hundred teachers for the vacation schools have been prepared, but was not acted upon by the board last night. Assistant Superintent Clarence E. Meleney will have charge of the vacation schools.

DALY WANTS TO GO TO WEST POINT.

Harvard's Football Captain Desires to Enter

the Military Academy. BOSTON, Mass., June 28.—It has become known that Charles D. Daly, captain of the Harvard football eleven, is ambitious to enter the United States Army and his influential friends are endeavoring to induce Senator Lodge to appoint him a cadet at West Point under the new law allowing two additional appointments to each State, the selections to be made by the Senators. Capt. Daly is only 19. and yet is in his senior year at Harvard. He is interested in just the branches which are needed to make a first-class army officer, and has been studying always with this ambition in mind. His nerve and persistence on the football field leave no doubt of his courage and

football field leave no doubt of his courage and stamina in an emergency.

Since Capt. Daiy's desire to enter the Army became known at Harvard he has received many handsome offers from friends anxious to assist him in getting an appointment. President Eliot speaks very highly of Daly as a student and as a man of character. Gov. Roosevelt is a warm admirer of Daly and once said at an athletic celebration dinner:

"In the next war I'll pick Daly."

AFFIRMS SURROGATE'S DECISION. Court of Appeals Determines That Mrs. C Remsen Gibson's Will Stands.

YONKERS, June 28.—The Court of Appeals has affirmed the decision of Surrogate Theodore P. Silkman of this city, permitting the probate of the will of the late Mrs. C. Remsen Gibson of Tarrytown. Mrs. Gibson died in 1898 leaving an estate valued at \$500,000. She bequeathed an estate valued at \$500,000. She bequeathed to William Gibson, her second husband, \$50,000, but made a codicil giving him \$4,000 a year additional, besides a life use of her property. To her son Fred Leroy by her first husband she left half her property after the death of her husband, and to Mrs. Henry Dale, her daughter by her first husband, the other half. The will specified that Henry Dale, the daughter's husband, should under no circumstances have any control of the property. Mrs. Dale and her husband contested the will on the ground of undue influence. Paragon Electric Fan,

SUICIDE OF A MARINE.

Quartermaster Sergeant McCabe Shoots Him self and Sets Clothing Stores on Fire. Boston, June 28.-Quartermaster Sergeant Thomas McCabe, United States Marine Corps who has been attached to the Marine Barracks at the Charlestown Navy Yard for many years, committed suicide there this morning. He first cut his throat with a small razor and then shot

himself through the top of the head. A fire in the clothing store room, where the deed was committed, first attracted attention. McCabe was then alive, but lived only a few moments. It is not known whether McCabe set the clothing stores aftre before attempting his own life, or whether the fire resulted from the discharge of the revolver. A casual investigation causes the officers to think that the blaze was an accident. An alarm was rung for the city apparatus, but the blaze was extinguished by the barracks brigade. McCabe would have been a member of the Marine Coros for twenty years had he lived until July 6. He is said to have been drinking heavily of late and heard that Col. Cochrane had decided that he was unfit to hold his place. leed was committed, first attracted attention.

HIS MOTHER DIDN'T RETURN. Young Hartmann Kitled Himself Because of His Parent's Long Absence.

BRIDGEPORT. Conn., June 28.-William Hartmann, aged 20, committed suicide this afternoon by drinking carbolic acid. Young Hartmann vas a son of the late Charles Hartmann, the brewer of this city who died recently. More than a year ago the boy's mother went to Germany for a visit. She expected to return in three months. As the months passed and she did not return William became ill and now it is

did not return William became ill and now it is remembered that he made threats to kill himself, saying that if his mother didn't come before long she would never see him alive.

This afternoon he was with his older brother, Carl, and a friend. Suddenly he left them and the next known of him he was found lying by the side of the road near Berkshire bridge. An empty vial with carbolio acid in it was beside him and the burns on the side of his mouth told the story. The suicide was deliberate. This afternoon young Hartmann paid all his bills in town and bought presents for friends.

YOUNG WIFE TAKES POISON.

Had Quarrelled With Her Husband, but He Thought They Had Made Up-Wont Die. Mrs. Isaac Alpert, 22 years old, of 551 Third venue, attempted suicide last night and is now a prisoner in Bellevue Hospital. She was Bessie Hall of New Haven up to Jan. 12, when she married Alpert, who is a train boy when she married Alpert, who is a train boy on the Boston and Albany railroad. A week ago the couple quarrelled. Mrs. Alpert's sister came from New Haven to see if she could reconcile them. She returned to New Haven yesterday and both she and Alpert thought that the quarrel was made up. Last night Mrs. Alpert bought some laudenum and drank it. Her husband called in Dr. McMahon of 163 West Thirty-seventh street, who used a stomach pump and walked Mrs. Alpert up and down the room till she was out of danger.

Prof. Morse's Grandnephew Kills Himself. NEW ORLEANS, La., June 28.-Bleeker L. Morse, a native of New York, committed suicide here last night by hanging himself in the woodshed in the rear of his residence. He was a granduephew of Prof. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph. The suicide is attributed to despondency over loss of a place as electrician of the Cumberland Telephone Company.

Missing Grocer Last Seen at Coney Island. George L. Becker, a prosperous grocer of 807 Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, has been missing since Tuesday morning, when he told his wife that he was going to spend the day at Coney Island and visit his mother in Harlem in the evening. He was seen at Coney Island in the alternoon, but did not go to Harlem, as far as can be learned. He is 34 years old, 5 feet s inches tail and weighs 138 pounds. He has dark hair and a mustache. He wore a light brown suit and a straw hat with a blue ribbon. The police have been notified of his disappearance.

Receivers for Republic Savings and Loan Association. Supreme Court Justice Dickey in Brooklyn

yesterday appointed Edward G. Riggs and Otto Celsey receivers for the Republic Savings and oan Association of Manhattan. The State Banking Department reported that the association was insolvent, and Edward P. Coyne, who appeared for the Attorney-General, said there was a deficit of \$219,000, due to bad management. Justice Dickey heard the arguments in the case on Wednesday and the receivers are to give bonds for \$100,000.

Dr. Walsh, Managing Editor of the "Daily

News." Michael Walsh, LL. D., who has for many years been editor of the Sunday Democrat, has been appointed managing editor of the Daily News by Mrs. Ida Wood. Joseph B. Healy, who has had charge of Catholic Church news for the paper, has been made city editor.

Heath Will Not Resign.

PORTLAND, Me., June 28.-Perry S. Heath, First Assistant Postmaster-General, who is a summer visitor at Cape Porpoise. denies the

Congressman Quarles Breaks an Arm. STAUNTON, Va., June 28.—Congressman Julian M. Quaries of this city while canvassing the Tenth Virginia district for renomination slipped and fell to-day at Natural Bridge. He broke his left arm near the wrist.

DOCTORS FEAR CONSUMPTION

Health Board Discusses the Disease as a Great Danger.

At a meeting of the New York Board of Health this week there was an interesting discussion on the spread of tuberculosis. In discussing the matter, Commissioner Cosby said there were over 40,000 cases of Consumption in this city during the past year. One of our most prominent and successful doctors who has made a special study of tuberculosis and pulmonary diseases remarked when he read the Health Board's report: "The spread of Consumption, that dreaded of all diseases, is principally due to people deceiving themselves. They won't admit that what started as a slight cough has taken deep root in the lungs, and before they know it the consumption germ has pregnated the lungs and is consuming them slowly but the lungs and is consuming them slowly out surely." He further said "there need be no fear of the spread of Consumption if every family kept a bottle of DUFFY'S PURE MAIT WHISKEY in the house and administered it to any member of the family at the approach of a cold or cough. As soon as you feel the first symptoms, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water and continue to do so three times a day until all signs of the cough or cold have disappeared." DUFFY'S PURE MAIT WHISKEY not only CURES the cough and heals the lungs, but it stimulates the blood to healthy action. It is the greatest germ killer and curative known to science. Over seven thousand doctors prescribe and recommend it for Grip, Consumption, Bronchitis and all diseases of the throat and lungs on account of its absolute purity and excellence.

Dr. Willard H. Morse, American Director of the Bureau of Materia Medica, says: "Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is the only reliable and absolutely sure remedy for pneumonia and consumption. Ordinary whiskey is as useless as it is dangerous for the same diseases. "Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey increases the elimination of carbonic dioxide and aids nature in throwing off the consumption poison. The common fusel-oil whiskey has no such office or privilege."

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY is the surely." He further said "there need be no

common fusel-oil whisher, its the privilege."

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY is the only Whiskey taxed by the Government as a medicine. This is a guarantee. Be sure you get the genuine. All druggists and grocers, or direct. \$1.00 a bottle. Write for free book. Duffy Malt Whiskey Co., Rochester, N. Y.—Adv.

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COMPLETE LINE OF GUITARS, BANJOS. DOLINS, VIOLINS, CORNETS, ETC. Wholesale and Retail.

U. S. Agent for genuine COURTOIS BAND INSTRUMENTS.

DESTITUTE AT NINETY-SIX. Old Mrs. Gray's Sole Hope Is to Find Her Son

Who Years Ago Was a Wealthy Ranchman. Mrs. Mary Gray, 96 years old, was removed last night from 644 Ninth avenue to Bellevue Hospital, sick and destitute. She was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, and came to this in County Tyrone, Ireland, and came to this country in 1832. She was a widow then with six sons. Five are known to be dead. The other ten years ago was a California ranchman well to do. He corresponded with his mother regularly till Mrs. Gray was taken ill and went to a hospital. Two years later, she found letters that had been sent to her at the time of her admission to the hospital, telling her that her son had sold his ranch and had invested his money in mines of which he was about to take charge. She tried to locate him and failed. She believes that her son is still living and well to do, and that if the news of her destitution is printed in the newspapers it will catch his eye and let him know his mother's need.

Another Goebel Murder Warrant Out.

FRANKFORT, Ky., June 28 .- A warrant was to-day sworn out for another Republican charging complicity in the Goebel murder, and Gov. eckham issued a requisition on Gov. Tyler of State. Deputy Sheriffs left with the requisition to-day for Richmond. Deputy Sheriffs William George and Isaac Hinkle arrived here to-night having in charge Green Golden, who has been captured. Golden is a cousin to Wharton Golden, who turned State's evidence in the case.

DALLAS, Tex., June 28 .- The Hon. J. W. Bailey, Congressman from the Fifth Texas district, was to-day called suddenly to his home at Gainesville because of the serious illness of his wife. Mr. Bailey as a consequence has abanioned his intention of being present at the National Democratic Convention to be held at Kansas City July 4. He will start next week to take Mrs. Bailey to a health resort in Virginia, if she is able to make the trip.

Whitecaps Whip an Aged Man Because He Wouldn't Pay a Debt Twice. INDIANAPOLIS, June 28.-Robert Palmer,

nearly 70 years of age, and for many years a minister in Brown county, refused to pay minister in Brown county, refused to pay a debt to a neighbor some days ago, alleging that it had been once paid. Early this morning a pody of masked men appeared at his house, took him and his son to the woods near by and whipped the father brutally. The son was not hurt. Mr. Palmer says that he recognized the voices of several of his assailants, but he is afraid to proceed against them.

"GROWN UPS."

Join with the Children

"The doctor said to my husband, 'You must stop both coffee and tea, as your nerves and kidneys are in a very bad state. You can use Postum Food Coffee, for there is nothing healthier as a drink.'

"I bought a package of Postum, made it so cording to directions, and it was splendld Husband quickly got well and cannot say enough in praise of Postum. We have used